

# SOME POEMS

## 1844



## THE MONARCH'S DIRGE.\*

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate:  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds:  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

\* These fine moral stanzas were written, two centuries ago, by James Shirley. They were set to music, and (strange to tell) became a favourite song with Charles the Second.

## MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,  
Fanes quiver in the air,  
A prostrate city is thy seat,  
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
Though ruin is around thee;  
Thine eye beam burns as proudly now  
As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,  
Though friends and fame depart;  
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,  
Which earth can never tame;

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,  
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life  
May melt like mist away;  
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,  
Like Carthage in decay;

And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurl'd;  
Like mould'ring monuments of art  
Heap'd on a sleeping world;

Yet there is something will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there.



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## THE WEAVER'S SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw  
The shuttle athwart the loom,  
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,  
That have beauty but no perfume!  
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes;  
The lily, that hath no spot;  
The violet, deep as your true-love's eyes,  
And the little forget-me-not!

Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!  
'Tis good both to sing and weave;  
'Tis better to work than live idle;  
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid  
The colours of sunset glow!  
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!  
Let beauty about ye blow!  
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,  
And your hands both firm and sure,  
Then nor time nor chance shall your work untwine,  
But all like a truth endure.

Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!  
'Tis good both to sing and weave;  
'Tis better to work than live idle;  
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

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## ENDURING LOVE.

Our love has been no summer flower,  
For joy's bright chaplet braided;  
Drooping when tempests darkly lower,  
By grief's bleak winter faded.  
We have not loved like those who plight  
Their troth in sunny weather,  
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,  
To tread life's paths together.

But we have loved as those who tread  
The thorny path of sorrow,  
With clouds o'ercast, and cause to dread  
Still deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those cloudy skies,  
Have drawn our spirits nearer,  
And render'd us, by holiest ties,  
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
With mirth and joy may perish;  
That to which darker days gave birth  
Still more and more we cherish.  
It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
Through death's dim, shadowy portal,  
Made by adversity sublime—  
By faith and hope immortal.

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## CHANGES OF TIME.

THE presence of perpetual change  
Is ever on the earth;  
To-day is only as the soil  
That gives to-morrow birth.  
Where stood the tower there grows the weed;  
Where stood the weed, the tower  
No present hour its likeness leaves  
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city built  
Far on the eastern plains,  
A desert waste of tomb and sand  
Is all that now remains.  
Our own fair city filled with life  
Has yet a future day,  
When power, and majesty, and might,  
Will all have passed away.

## RICHES AND POVERTY.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;  
 The rich know not how hard  
 It is to be of needful food  
 And needful rest debarred.  
 Their paths are paths of plenteousness;  
 They sleep on beds of down;  
 And never think how heavily  
 The weary head lies down.

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They know not of the scanty meal  
 With pale thin faces round;  
 No fire upon the dreary hearth  
 When snow is on the ground.  
 They never by the window lean,  
 And see the gay pass by;  
 Then take their weary task again,  
 But with a sadder eye.

## THE TOUCHSTONE OF FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis not while the fairy bark fans the green sea  
 That the strength of the bark may be known;  
 And 'tis not in prosperity's hour that the truth  
 Or the fervor of friends can be shown.

No! the bark must be proved when the tempest is high,  
 When dangers and mountain-waves press;  
 And the friend when the storm of adversity's nigh  
 For the touchstone of friendship's distress.

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## JULIA BRACE.

This unfortunate female, who has been blind, deaf, and dumb from early infancy, is an inmate of the asylum in Hartford. Her intelligence and acuteness are almost incredible to those who have not seen her, and truly astonishing to those who have. The following stanzas are by Mrs. Sigourney.

A mingled group from distant homes  
 In youth and health and hope are here—  
 But yet some latent evil seems  
 To mark their lot with frown severe;  
 And one there is, upon whose soul  
 Affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid,  
 Mute stranger 'mid a world of sound,  
 And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

Amid that group her curious hands,  
 O'er brow and tress, intently stray;  
 Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,  
 That sadly thus she turns away?  
 Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,—  
 For inaccessible and lone,  
 No eye explores their hermit-cell  
 Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

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## THE POET'S LOT.

The poet's lovely faith creates  
 The beauty he believes;  
 The light that on his footsteps waits,  
 He from himself receives.

His lot may be a weary lot,  
 His thrall a heavy thrall,

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And cares and griefs the crowd know not,  
 His heart may know them all.

But still he hath a mightier dower,  
 The loveliness that throws  
 Around the common thought and hour  
 The beauty of the rose.

## LINES ON BEING STOPPED BY A LADY FROM PLUCKING A ROSE.

Oh! spare my flower, my gentle flower,  
The slender creature of a day!  
Let it bloom out its little hour,  
And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
Decay'd, unnotic'd, overthrown.  
Oh! hasten not its destiny—  
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
And sigh to find its playmate gone;  
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.

Oh! spare!—and let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed  
To see the sky.

Spare then this humble monument  
Of an Almighty's power and skill,  
And let it at His shrine present  
Its homage still.

He made it, who makes naught in vain;  
He watches it, who watches thee;  
And he can best its date ordain,  
Who bade it be.

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## THE WEARY CRUSADER.

BY MISS EUGENE D. ST. HUBERT.

Away, away with the plume and crest,  
Away with the glittering spear;  
And bear me back to my beautiful west,  
For I'm way-worn and perishing here.  
O take from my bosom this vest of steel,  
From my wrist these brazen bands;  
And my shrunken flesh once more let me feel,  
With my shrivelled and sunburnt hands.

Away, away with the warrior's fame,  
Away with his false hopes now;  
I have labored for glory and gained me a name,  
But the cold earth pillows my brow.  
I forsook the green hills of my own bright land,  
And vales all blooming and fair;  
I have passed o'er the sea, and the desert sand,  
And here I must die in despair.

Away, away with the gilded star!  
Away with the lance I have borne!  
To gaze on the home of my heart afar,  
I'd give the bright honors I've worn.  
Of what now availeth my tears and toil?  
And the blood that my hands have shed?  
The bones of my comrades cover the soil,  
And the Turk stalks over the dead.

Away, away with the shout that rung,—  
"We swear in the name of God,  
That we'll hang the cross where the crescent hung,  
Though its staff should be stained with blood!"  
Henceforth wave the cross o'er the Christian land;  
Let the crescent o'er this be unfurled,  
Till the banner of God, in his own right hand,  
Shall be waved o'er a wondering world.

## FROM THE LOOSE LEAVES OF A TRAVELER.

O'er wavy dale or mountain-crest,  
Where'er my foot discursive tread,  
Where'er my vision chance to rest,  
Are scenes of checquer'd beauty spread;  
But though my path be through a land  
Befitting fairy's errantry,  
I'd rather track Zahara's sand  
If on my homeward way to thee!

And though each hill were Helicon,  
And Grace and Muse beset my side  
And sued an arm to lean upon,  
I'd sigh for thee my gentle bride—  
Oh! that the flesh could take the wing  
That speeds my spirit back to thee,  
And thy fond arm around me cling  
In more than cherish'd memory. H. H. K.

## TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

Thou hast a merry, laughing look, sweet child ;  
And thy long golden tresses gracefully  
Wave to the soft voluptuous breeze. The wild  
And flashing glance, that comes from thy dark  
eye,  
Is eloquent with meaning ;—and thy brow,  
Hath in its high arched beauty more of heaven  
Than e'en the thoughts of many worshipers, who  
bow,  
Yet scarce know why, then deem themselves for-  
given.  
Shine on ! for thou art very beautiful ;  
Bright hope hath plumed for thee his rainbow  
wing,  
And joy hath sought the richest flowers to cull,  
To braid thy life's fresh garland.—And the spring  
Of thy young fancies, in its upward gush,  
Is swelling clearly now ; though, soon, perhaps,  
Its sources may be troubled.—And the hush,  
That soothed thy spirit's wanderings, relapse,  
Into a stormy chaos. There will come  
Hours, when thy soul weary of this life  
Will seek to close its senses to the hum,

Of gaudy flutterers, and the sons of strife.  
Then wilt thou ope the chambers of thy mind ;  
(When the gay world seems curtained from the  
sight,  
And all the things of visible sense, confined  
To the brief circle of a taper's light,)  
And in the quietude of that lone hour,  
Will rise the visions of forgotten things,  
Of days long past ; when in the summer bower  
Thou didst enjoy the fairy whisperings,  
Of the tremulous leaves. And the soft press  
Of that hand fondly clasped within thine own,  
Whose eyes met thine with equal tenderness ;  
Whose voice, e'en now, whene'er its sweet low  
tone  
Comes up within thy memory, doth start  
A quicker pulse ; and calls the eloquent blood,  
From the intricate wanderings of the heart,  
To mantle o'er thy brow. And it is good  
That we should have a well, wherein the things  
Of other days are treasured ; so that the soul,  
May drink of its own waters, when the springs  
Of the world's fountains are dried up.

## THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE enough, oh God ! My heart, to-night,  
Runs over with the fulness of content ;  
As I look out upon the fragrant stars,  
And from the beauty of the night take in  
My priceless portion—yet myself no more  
Than in the universe a grain of sand—  
I feel His glory who could make a world,  
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness  
Leave not a flower imperfect !

Rich, though poor !  
My low roof'd cottage is, this hour, a Heaven !  
Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
That sweet voic'd wife of mine, arrests the ear  
Of my young child, awake upon her knee ;

And, with his calm eye on his master's face  
My noble hound lies couchant ; and all here—  
All in this little home, yet boundless Heaven—  
Are, in such love as I have power to give,  
Blessed to overflowing !  
Thou, who look'st  
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,  
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew  
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee !  
And, as that flower from its unseen abode  
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,  
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God !  
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,  
Fragrance at thy throne welcome !

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours  
When others are asleep,  
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof  
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days  
Past in a gloomy room,

When others are abroad to taste  
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store  
And miss'd while it is given :  
'Tis given—for the claims of earth  
Are less than those of heaven.

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## MARY.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
Such should, methinks, its music be ;  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,

Were best befitting thee ;  
And she to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

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## "TIME, FAITH, ENERGY." \*

BY LUCY HOOPER.

High words and hopeful!—fold them to thy heart,  
Time, Faith and Energy, are gifts sublime ;  
If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,  
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.  
When thou would'st cast thy pilgrim-staff away,  
Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,  
And faint not in the noontide of thy day,—  
Wait thou for Time !

Wait thou for Time—the slow-unfolding flower  
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay ;  
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun—  
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power  
Within the soul—like soft bell's silvery chime  
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,  
Or if the heart where thou should'st find a shrine,  
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power  
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,  
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,  
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower  
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,  
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal,  
To a high purpose in a world of strife.  
Wait thou for Time !

Yes, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,  
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea :  
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass  
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,  
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,  
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—  
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,  
Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yes, Faith and Time, and thou that through the hour  
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,  
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,  
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,  
Immortal Energy ! shalt thou not be  
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,  
Linked with each vision of high destiny,  
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,  
And lose ye, 'mid its pure effulgent light ?  
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,  
Seraphs who lightened griefs with gilded ray,  
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning,  
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom  
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morn-  
ing  
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night ?

## A PORTRAIT.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

A STILL, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
And slightly nonchalant,  
Which seems to claim a middle place  
Between one's love and aunt,

Where childhood's star has left a ray  
In woman's sunniest sky  
As morning dew and blushing day  
On fruit and blossom lie.

## TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

A LIFE of peace and pleasantness, hath ever been  
thine own,  
And friends have loved thee tenderly, where'er thy  
worth was known;  
And those who cheered thy youthful days are all  
around thee now;  
And the sunshine of a happy heart is beaming on  
thy brow.

Thou hast not sought in brilliant throngs the pleasures  
of the hour.  
But quietude and sweet content have been through  
life thy dower;  
A father's voice, a mother's smile, the converse of  
a friend,  
Have been to thee far brighter boons than festal  
halls could send.

Deem not that wealth brings happiness; within the  
mirthful hall,  
Full many a care lies hid beneath a glittering  
coronal:

And in her splendid solitude full many a titled  
dame,  
Mourns for her girlhood's joyousness, and the  
cottage whence she came.

The wiles of the ambitious, and the fawnings of  
the mean,  
The guile of low hypocrisy in life's eventful  
scene,

To these thou art a stranger, ah! mayst thou never  
know,  
How smiles may cheat a breaking heart, or mask a  
pensive brow.

I would that I could weave for thee a chaplet rich  
and rare,  
Whose fadeless flowers, and thornless ones, amid  
thy shining hair,  
Might charm the years to come in love, in love to  
glide away,  
Like the journey of the blessed sun through summer's  
brightest day.



## THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

Like soft tones of music,  
Scarce felt on the ear,  
Yet touching the spirit  
With melody clear,  
Ye steal through my bosom,  
Awaking each string  
That thrill'd to the breath  
Of affection's light wing.

Dear childhood ! Few shadows  
Were thrown o'er thy head ;  
Few sorrows stole o'er thee,  
Few heart-drops were shed ;

And e'en, when outgushing,  
A tear lit thy cheek,  
A smile followed after  
Thy gladness to speak.

Now, grief hath not found me,  
Yet, still, on my breast,  
When early day visions come,  
Pensive thoughts rest.  
Clouds darken not o'er me,  
But dim seems the sky  
To that which once sparkled  
In sapphire on high.

## A THOUGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Beside a pleasant streamlet,  
I sat me down one day,  
And gazed upon the waters  
That gently moved away.—  
The bending flower, the beetling rock,  
And the tree of giant limb  
Through which the glorious light of heaven  
Came solemnly, and dim  
And the blue o'erarching firmament  
With its thousand cloudy isles,  
And the sun whose beams come down to us  
Like God, our Father's, smiles—  
These, all upon its bosom

Were pictured to the eye,  
While the waters of that streamlet,  
Went pure and peaceful by.

Oh, be my heart like that sweet stream  
That moves in light and shade,  
With the beautiful of earth and sky  
All pictured there, I said,—  
And may no dark pollution,  
No stain of sin be given,  
But my spirit pass as that pure stream  
All spotless on to heaven.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

## TO CAROLINE.

BY ROBERT S. CHILTON.

A PLEASANT summer morning,  
With such a scene as this,  
To glad the heart, and please the eye,  
Is surely perfect bliss ;—  
And yet my heart is sighing,  
Because thou art not near ;  
O ! would that thou wert here, dear girl !  
O ! would that thou wert here !

How brightly in yon flow'ret's cup,  
Shineth the morning dew !  
And yet, methinks 't would seem more bright,  
If thou wert looking too ;—

Yon trees would wave more gracefully,  
Yon heaven would look more clear,  
If thou wert only here, dear girl !  
If thou wert only here !

Yon little gurgling rivulet,  
How sweetly doth it flow !  
And yet, 't would sound more musical,  
If thou wert saying so !  
The notes of yon gay forest bird,  
Methinks would sound more clear,  
If thou wert only here, dear girl !  
If thou wert only here !

## WORLDLY CARES.

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand  
Their foaming crests upheave,  
Lightly receding from the land,  
Seem not a trace to leave :  
Those billows in their ceaseless play,  
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh  
Amid the forest bower,  
So gently, as they murmur by,

Scarce lift the drooping flower ;  
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,  
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,  
Their impress leave behind ;  
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,  
The blighting traces find ;  
Till altered thoughts and hearts grow cold,  
The change of passing years unfold.

## STANZAS TO A SISTER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

" Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
And sunless wishes from affection's deep,  
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower!  
And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

Ay, mark the strain, sweet Sister! watch and pray—  
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly things:

Oh! wait not thou till life's blest morning ray  
Only o'er withered hopes its radiance flings;  
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit *now*,  
Ere sorrow's tracery mar the placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art—yet is thy soul  
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,  
Sweet phantasies, that mock at thought's control,  
Like atoms round thee float, in fancy's beams;  
But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee—  
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams—thy gentle heart,  
Already woman's in its wish to bless,  
Now longs for one, to whom it may impart  
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,  
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill  
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou drest too of happiness—the deep  
And placid joy which poets paint so well:  
Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,  
Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell,  
And they who hear the frequent half-hushed sigh,  
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain are all such visions!—couldst thou know  
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—  
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,  
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,—  
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,  
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,  
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine;  
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,  
There hope's fair flowers in votive garlands  
twine,  
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must  
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

"LOOK THROUGH NATURE, UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

How pleasantly ! How pleasantly,  
The poet's gifted eye,  
Looks forth on every lovely thing,  
Beneath the bounding sky ;  
For him are treasures glowing,  
Where others reckon naught,  
And all that breathes around him,  
Is with life and beauty fraught ;  
He readeth carefully aright,  
The flower upon its stem,  
And stars to him are holy,  
For God created them.

How gracefully ! how gracefully,  
Fair blossoms gem his way ;  
Timidly offering up their gifts,  
Amidst the glorious day ;  
No wood-flower wastes its beauty,  
No leaflet shines in vain,

For he reads most pleasant lessons there,  
Where peace and gladness reign :  
And when rainbow colors sparkle,  
In the grass-imbedded dew ;  
He loves it in its lowliness,  
For God has made it too.

How gloriously ! how gloriously,  
Beneath the setting sun,  
The western woods are wrapped in light,  
Though day is almost done ;  
Parting in majesty serene,  
With sweetly lingering grace,  
While higher up the radiant sky,  
Fair Venus takes her place :  
Then—in the poet's inmost soul,  
Rise visions pure and fair ;  
And his heart is bowed in worship,  
For God is everywhere. H. M.

A SOLILOQUY.

(NOT HAMLET'S.)

To have it out or not, that is the question ;  
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer  
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,  
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,  
And by extracting end them ? To pull, to tug !  
No more ! And by that tug to say we end  
The tooth-ache, and a thousand natural ills  
The jaw is heir to ! 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To pull, to tug !  
To tug—perchance to break ! Ah ! there's the  
rub,  
For in that wrench what agonies may come.  
When we have half unlodg'd the stubborn foe  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes an aching tooth of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain  
The vile quack's nostrum, dentists' contumely,

The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay,  
The insolence of pity, and the spurns  
That patient sickness of the healthy take ;  
When he himself might his *quietus* make  
For two-and-sixpence ? Who would fardels bear  
To groan and cry beneath a load of pain ?  
But that the dread of something lodg'd within  
The silken twisted forceps—from whose fangs  
No face at ease returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,  
And many a one whose courage seeks the door,  
With this regard his footsteps measures back,  
Scared at the name of dentist.

## LITTLE STREAMS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

LITTLE streams, in light and shadow  
Flowing through the pasture meadow ;  
Flowing by the green wayside ;  
Through the forest dim and wide !  
Through the hamlet still and small ;  
By the cottage ; by the hall ;  
By the ruined abbey still ;  
Turning, here and there, a mill ;  
Bearing tribute to the river ;  
Little streams, I love you ever !

Summer music is there flowing ;  
Flowering plants in them are growing ;  
Happy life is in them all,  
Creatures innocent and small ;  
Little birds come down to drink  
Fearless on their leafy brink ;  
Noble trees beside them grow,  
Glooming them with branches low,  
And between, the sunshine glancing,  
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,  
Beautiful and fair as any ;  
Typha strong, and green bur-reed ;  
Willow-herb with cotton-seed  
Arrow-head with eye of jet,

And the water-violet ;  
There the flowering rush you meet,  
And the plummy meadow-sweet ;  
And in places deep and stilly,  
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery  
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,  
Flowing on from day to day  
Without stint and without stay.  
Here, upon their flowery bank,  
In the old times Pilgrims drank ;  
Here, have seen, as now, pass by  
Kingfisher and dragon-fly ;  
Those bright things that have their dwelling  
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,  
Murmuring not and gliding slowly ;  
Up in mountain-hollows wild,  
Fretting like a peevish child ;  
Through the hamlet, where all day  
In their waves the children play,—  
Running west, or running east,  
Doing good to man and beast,  
Always giving, weary never,  
Little streams, I love you ever !

## MARGARET.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

A winning one is Margaret,  
To all who know her well;  
She seems to cast around us all  
Some soul-bewitching spell.

There is a music in her voice,  
A charm in every word,  
And better thoughts within the heart,  
By those sweet tones are stirred.

I would ye all knew Margaret,—  
Why should her loveliness  
Be hidden like the violet,  
One lowly spot to bless?

Yet seek not in the giddy maze,  
Where Beauty bows to Fashion;  
Where lovely faces oft conceal  
Some dark and baneful passion.

Oh, seek not in those dazzling throngs,  
Though all seems bright and fair;  
Though you may linger by the way,  
You will not find her there.

But in her home, her happy home,  
Whence all deceit is driven;  
And where, sometimes, I almost think  
That I am nearer heaven.

In gentle offices of love,  
In every changing scene,  
Her heart is like the oasis  
For ever fresh and green.

And in this weary wilderness  
Where flowers lie withering;  
What wonder if we turn to her  
As some reviving spring?

Do you not now love Margaret?  
You know not yet the whole;  
For high and noble purposes  
Are shrined within her soul;

And though her heart, its tenderness  
In deeds of mercy proves,  
That heart would face, unshrinkingly,  
E'en death for those she loves.

## A THOUGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

BESIDE a pleasant streamlet,  
I sat me down one day,  
And gazed upon the waters  
That gently moved away.—  
The bending flower, the beetling rock,  
And the tree of giant limb  
Through which the glorious light of heaven  
Came solemnly, and dim  
And the blue o'erarching firmament  
With its thousand cloudy isles,  
And the sun whose beams come down to us  
Like God, our Father's, smiles—  
These, all upon its bosom

Were pictured to the eye,  
While the waters of that streamlet,  
Went pure and peaceful by.

Oh, be my heart like that sweet stream  
That moves in light and shade,  
With the beautiful of earth and sky  
All pictured there, I said,—  
And may no dark pollution,  
No stain of sin be given,  
But my spirit pass as that pure stream  
All spotless on to heaven.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

I would not tell thee for the world,  
Thy early love will change ;  
I would not see thy sweet lip curled  
In scorn of words so strange.

I would not bid thy smiles away,  
Nor quell that speaking blush ;  
For happy spirits lend the ray,  
And timid thoughts the flush :

Yet, love is but a dangerous guest  
For hearts so young as thine ;  
Where youth's unshadowed joy should rest,  
Life's spring-time fancies shine.

*Too soon*—oh ! all too soon—would come,  
In *later* years, the spell,—  
Touching, with changing hues, the path,  
Where once but sun-light fell.— \*

Then, sweetest, leave the 'wondering dream,  
Till Time has nerved thy heart  
To brook the fitful cloud and gleam,  
Which must in love have part.

Ah ! life has many a blessed hour,  
That passion never knows ;  
And youth may gather many a flower,  
Beside the blushing *rose*.

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl !—  
They will not dim thine eyes :  
That hair will all as richly curl,  
That blush as brightly rise.—

Turn to thy friends ! A smile as fond,  
On friendship's lip may be,  
And breathing from a heart as warm  
As love can offer thee.—

Turn to *thy home* !—Affection wreathes  
Her dearest garland there :  
And more than all, a *mother* breathes  
For thee—for thee, her prayer !

Ay ! life has many a hallowed hour,  
That passion never knows ;  
And youth may often find a flower,  
More precious than the *Rose*.\*

\* The flower of Love.

## THE GREAT MAN.

Bring him of giant intellect,  
And a soul high deeds to dare,  
And a spirit that will not be crushed,  
By its weight of worldly care.  
Whose pride can brook no rivalry—  
Ambition, no delay,  
Who will harden his heart 'gainst his fellow men  
If they hinder his onward way.—

And I will show you a nobler one—  
He hath conquered his heart of pride,  
And moveth in calm and silent joy  
Still waters of peace beside.  
Ambition he hath, but 'tis good to do—  
Pride, of his Father above—  
High purpose, to win a glorious crown  
In the Kingdom of Truth and Love.

## HOME.

HOME of our childhood ! how affection clings,  
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !  
Dearer thy hills though clad in autumn brown,  
Than fairer summits which the cedars crown !

Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,  
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !  
The stranger's gale wails home the exile's sigh,  
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !

## TO MARY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It is my love's last lay!—and soon  
Its echoes will have died,  
And thou wilt list its low, wild tones  
No more—pale victim-bride!—  
I would not, lovely one, that thou  
Should'st wrong the heart that deems thee now  
Its glory and its pride!—  
I would not thou should'st dim with tears,  
The vision of its better years.

And yet I love thee. Memory's voice  
Comes o'er me, like the tone  
Of blossoms, when their dewy leaves  
In autumn's night-winds moan;  
I love thee still—that look of thine  
Deep in my spirit has its shrine,  
And beautiful and lone—  
And there it glows—that holy form—  
The rainbow of life's evening storm.

And, dear one, when I gaze on thee  
So pallid, sweet, and frail,  
And muse upon thy cheek, I well  
Can read its mournful tale;—  
I know the dews of memory oft

Are falling beautiful and soft  
Upon love's blossoms pale—  
I know that tears thou fain would'st hide  
Are on thy lids—sweet victim-bride.

I too have wept. Yon moon's pale light  
Has round my pillow strayed,  
While I was mourning o'er the dreams,  
That blossomed but to fade;  
The memory of each holy eve,  
To which our burning spirits cleave,  
Seems like some star's sweet shade,  
That once shone bright and pure on high;  
But now has parted from the sky.

Immortal vision of my heart!—  
Again, again, farewell!—  
I will not listen to the tones,  
That in wild music, swell  
From the dim past. Those tones now fade,  
And leave me nothing but the shade,  
The cypress, and the knell!  
Adieu—adieu—my task is done—  
And now—God bless thee, gentle one.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

## LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

LIFE has its moments  
Of beauty and bloom;  
But they hang like sweet roses  
On the edge of the tomb.  
Blessings they bring us,  
As lovely as brief;  
They meet us when happy,  
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,  
Tinging the sky;  
Come on the sunbeams,  
And off with them fly.

Shadows of evening,  
Hang soft on the shore;  
Darkness enwraps them,  
We see them no more.

So life's better moments,  
In brilliance appear,  
Dawning in beauty,  
Our journey to cheer.  
Round us they linger  
Like shadows of ev'n;  
Would that we, like them,  
Might melt into heav'n!

J. N. M.



## POETRY.

THE poet stands on the mountain with the face of nature before him, calm and placid. If we would enter into his views, we must go where he is. We must catch the direction of his eye, and yield ourselves up to the instinctive guidance of his will, that we may have a secret foretaste of his meaning—that we may be conscious of the image in its first conception—that we may perceive its beginnings and gradual growth, till at length it becomes distinctly depicted on the retina of the mind.

Without this, we may take the dictionary in our hands and settle the definition of every word, and still know as little of the lofty conceptions of the author, as the weary traveller, who passes round in the farthest verge which is visible from the mountain, knows of the scenery which is seen from its summit. It has been truly said, that Johnson was incapable of conceiving the beauties of Milton. Yet Johnson was a living dictionary of Milton's language.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

### INDIAN SERENADE.

*Noted down by a traveller at Prairie Des Chiens, June, 1834.*

BY A. H. MAXFIELD.

SWEET forest Flower! awake and smile;  
And thy pure plaintive notes beguile,  
Lone prairie-bird, our evening hours,  
'Mid softly silent dewy showers!

O, Love! with eyes so like the fawn,  
That loves to greet the dewy dawn;—  
Those eyes to me give life anew,  
As to the prairie-flower the dew!

Thy breath is like the early rose,  
Which spring's pellucid rays uncloze;  
Sweet as spring's smiles at evening hour,  
When Luna gilds each sylvan bower!

My throbbing heart thy presence thrills,  
And through each nerve new life distills!—  
Each thought of thee renews life's tide—  
My Pledged, my only Indian Bride!

### EARLY DREAMS.

Oh! never another dream can be  
Like that early dream of ours,  
When the fairy, Hope, lay down as a child,  
And slept amid opening flowers.

Little we recked of our coming years,  
We fancied them just what we chose;  
For, whatever life's after lights may be,  
It colors its first from the rose.

## LOVE SUPPRESSED.

BY B. L. WILTON.

Here was a face most exquisitely bright,  
And beautiful as is the early morn,  
When first earth blushes in the rosy light,  
And nodding roses and sweet pinks are born.  
'Twas thus her beauty seemed—serenely fair,  
As if 'twere heaven's own light that kindled there.

And well I knew that not one charm behind  
Her face—though it was so divinely fair—  
Was that surpassing loveliness of mind  
That breathed like witchery in her very air;  
For gentler heart ne'er heaved 'neath maiden's vest,  
Than that which beat within her peaceful breast.

And yet I strove to shun her, and *forget*.  
I knew I was no favorite of Fate:  
For me to woo Love's smile was but to set  
At fearful venture all the hidden weight  
And wealth of love, within my heart:—whose wreck  
Would but regret or sad remorse awake.

It was to wait, through many weary years,  
'Till Time should to a 'lated harvest bring  
Those glorious hopes that, like to golden ears,  
I strewed too lavishly in life's young spring;  
To find the bliss I thirsted for, alone,  
When youth's glad freshness was for ever flown.

Methinks 'twas well, too, thus to win away,  
By hated force, my heart's young fantasies  
From worshipping the living fire that lay,  
Like sunlight, in that lovely maiden's eyes;

And save from after bitterness of heart  
That had of earth, or grief so little part.

And then Ambition's pealing trumpet-tones  
Were ringing high within my startled ear,  
And stirred me on to join those mighty ones  
That shiningly o'er Time's dark wrecks appear.  
And, so, I heard *her* voice, and boldly strove  
To shut mine ear to the sweet tones of love.

Those years are gone, those fresh young years when  
first

My fond heart's early offering of love  
I sacrificed to Fame, and Fate, accurst;  
More darkly now life's varied woof is wove.  
Stern manhood's dream comes dimly on; and yet,  
My foolish heart! *it will not, still, forget.*

Upon my lonely hours, 'mid scroll and book,  
'That lovely face will yet like fay intrude  
With the self-same, familiar, well-loved look:  
And *then* I would not shun it, if I could:  
For that sweet face is dearer far to me  
Than wealth, or fame, or happiness can be.

Ah! let me for one brief, one glorious hour,  
Indulge my dreamings—unrestrained by aught  
Of mingling fate's, or sober reason's power;  
(For *Fame* is gone that once my fond eye  
caught.)

And, thro' life's gloom, I'll see again arise  
That brow, those lips, those soul-enchanting eyes!

## LEILA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

WHEN first you look upon her face  
You little note beside  
The timidity, that still betrays  
The beauties it would hide:  
But, one by one, they look out from  
Her blushes and her eyes;  
And still the last, the loveliest—  
Like stars from twilight skies.

And thoughts go sporting through her mind,  
Like children among flowers;  
And deeds of gentle goodness are  
The measure of her hours.  
In soul or face, she bears no trace  
Of one from Eden driven;  
But, like the rainbow, seems, though born  
Of earth, a part of Heaven.

# THE BLESSED.

Luke xi—28

I saw young children playing,  
And my heart was full of bliss,  
For I know not midst the scenes of earth,  
A lovelier sight than this;  
Like rose-hearts glow'd each flushing cheek,  
With pleasure's richest hue;  
And the warm blood lit the tell-tale brow,  
Most eloquently true:  
Then my thoughts grew bright with joyfulness,  
And sweet words were on my tongue,  
"How blessed are the innocent!  
How blessed are the young!"  
But a voice, (like low flute music,)  
My wakened spirit heard;  
"Yea! rather are they blessed,  
Who keep God's holy word."

I looked on life more earnestly,  
With all its checkered lot;  
And saw how bitter weeds would spring,  
Where flowers of love were not;  
I learned to read the heart-deeps,  
Where mines of feeling glow,  
To give a purer light to life,  
Or fill it up with wo;  
Then softly spake I to myself,  
Ah! childhood's mirth is vain;

But who blessed are the loving,  
When their love is met again!"  
Yet still that deep heart-music,  
Like a whisper round me stirred;  
"Yea! rather are they blessed,  
Who keep God's holy word."

I saw how men were toiling,  
All through their little day;  
To win from earth the glittering wealth,  
That often leads astray;  
And my heart and eyes grew weary,  
At this folly of mankind,  
For I saw how gold grew dim, before,  
The brightness of the mind;  
Then I sang aloud, triumphantly—  
What dazzled fancy taught;  
"How blessed are the gifted!  
With their dower of burning thought;"  
But a shadow fell among the light,  
And the music seemed a sigh,  
When the world-ador'd, the worshiped ones,  
Were called upon—to die:  
Then I needed not that spirit-voice,  
To tell me how I erred;  
For I felt that they alone are blest,  
Who keep God's holy word. H. M.

## THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

(See Engraving.)

BEAUTIFUL earth! how I love to look  
On the varied page of thine open book,  
On the lights and shadows that round me fall,  
And know that my Father made them all.  
To sit in the shade of some spreading tree  
All, all alone with my thoughts to be,  
And with the magical pen to trace  
The changeful beauties of thy bright face.

Yet not alone in this sunny hour  
Have I sought thy woodlands, and felt thy power,  
For grateful thoughts in my heart will rise  
As I view thy charms in each fair disguise,  
And fain in my rapture would lowly fall  
Before the Giver and Guide of all.

Thou art fair, when the snow-flakes, soft and light,  
Clothe thee in robes of dazzling white,  
When the lonely streamlet is studded o'er  
With a starry brightness from shore to shore,  
When the moon-beams glance on the snowy height  
And all is so still, so pure, so bright—  
A spell seems resting on lake and glen  
Oh! beautiful earth—I love thee then.

Thou art fair when the snow-flakes pass away,  
'Neath the genial warmth of a summer day,

3\*

When the sun is shedding a warmer glow  
On the verdant plains, and the flowers below,  
When the stream, from its icy chains unbound,  
Goes murmuring on, with a gentle sound.  
Far, far from the weary haunts of men,  
I love to gaze on thy beauties then.

But fairest of all—oh! earth, art thou,  
When spring's bright verdure hath crowned thy  
brow;  
When flowers spring up, on the wooded steep,  
And nature wakes from her death-like sleep;  
When the birds rejoice in their life thus given  
And all seems raising a hymn to heaven;  
Oh!—who can marvel that erring men  
Are most of all loth to leave thee then?

'Tis sad to go, 'mid the winter's air  
When our hearts seem lightened of half their  
care;  
And sadder still, 'mid the spring's glad lays  
Or the summer's lengthening, happy days—  
But when autumn comes with its funeral pall,  
And thoughtful shadows are round us all,  
Then, only then, with thy slow decay,  
Let me—oh! let me pass away.

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## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Storm had been on the hills. The day had worn  
As if a sleep upon the hours had crept;  
And the dark clouds that gather'd at the morn  
In dull, impenetrable masses slept,  
And the wet leaves hung droopingly, and all  
Was like the mournful aspect of a pall.  
Suddenly on the horizon's edge a blue

And delicate line, as of a pencil, lay,  
And as it wider and intenser grew,  
The darkness faded silently away,  
And, with the splendor of a God, broke through  
The perfect glory of departing day—  
So, when his stormy pilgrimage is o'er,  
Will light upon the dying christian pour.

## JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

QUEEN of Judea's stricken land,  
Thy garland, faded from thy brow,  
Lies withered on the desert's sand  
And trampled by the Arab now.  
The laurel boughs of Lebanon

Still brush the blue, unspotted sky :—  
There plumes still quiver in the sun,  
Which lights thy ruins from on high ;—  
But on thy brow so desolate,  
Seems stamps the blasting seal of fate.

## FAREWELL.

WE do not know how much we love,  
Until we come to leave,  
An aged tree, a common flower,  
Are things o'er which we grieve.  
There is a pleasure in the pain  
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away.  
We cling while we depart ;  
And memories, unmarked till then,  
Come crowding on the heart.  
Let what will lure our onward way,  
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

## MARRIED PARTNERS.

BY DR. DOUNE.

" And they twain shall be one flesh."

IF we are two, we are two so,  
As still twin compasses are two,  
Thou the fixt foot, which makes no show  
To stir, but doth if t'other do :  
And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet ; if the other far doth roam,

It leans, and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as that comes home.  
So shall thou be to me, who must  
Like th' other foot, eccentric run :  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.

## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

THERE'S a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,  
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,  
Than all that bask in the noontide beam,  
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.  
Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,  
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,  
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,  
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,  
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume  
That breaths from the bridal orange-bloom.

c.

It is not found by the garden wall,  
It wreaths no brow in the festive hall,  
But dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,  
And shines like a star in the solitude.  
Never did numbers its name prolong,  
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,  
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,  
And left it in silence and shade to die.  
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come  
And praise its beauty with drony hum,  
And children love in the season of spring  
To watch for its early blossoming.  
In the dewy morn of an April day,  
When the traveller lingers along the way,  
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green  
Where the rivulets water the earth unseen,  
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest  
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,  
And the budding leaves of the birch-tree throw

A trembling shade on the turf below,  
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest  
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,—  
Then in those beautiful days of spring,  
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,  
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,  
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide.  
Peeping and peering among the trees,  
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,  
Hunting about among lichens gray,  
And the tangled mosses beside the way,  
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,  
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.  
For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling  
Still round my heart as in childhood's spring,  
And thy breath as it floats on the wandering air,  
Wakes all the music of memory there.  
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,  
I roved all day through the wood-paths wild,  
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae  
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.  
Now, as I linger mid crowds alone,  
Haunted by echoes of music flown,  
When the shadows deepen around my way,  
And the light of reason but leads astray,  
When affections, nurtured with fondest care  
By the trusting heart, become traitors there;  
When weary of all that the world bestows,  
I turn to nature for calm repose,  
How fain my spirit in some far glen,  
Would fold her wings mid thy flowers again!

## A LYRIC.

*"Bid me not wed him."*

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Oh, bid me not wed him, brother dear,  
For ne'er can my love be given:  
My hand to the many that greet me here,  
But my heart for the one in Heaven.

The sky hath the glory of other days,  
And as brightly the stars burn on;  
But vainly among them my vision strays—  
For the star it seeks is gone.

The earth is still fair, and its many flowers  
Are lovely, and bright, and sweet,  
But I miss the one which in life's young hours  
Bloom'd ever around my feet.

The eyes I encounter look on me now  
As tenderly as of old;  
Not a shade has come to a single brow,  
Not a tone I hear is cold:

But a light is lost in its early day,  
And a form hath ceased to be,  
And a voice hath passed from the earth away—  
And these were the world to me!

Then bid me not wed him, brother dear!  
For ne'er can my love be given:  
My hand to the many that greet me here,  
But my heart for the one in Heaven.

## BIRDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh, the sunny summer time !  
Oh, the leafy summer time !  
Merry is the bird's life,  
When the year is in its prime !  
Birds are by the water-falls  
Dashing in the rainbow spray ;  
Every where, every where,  
Light and lovely there are they !  
Birds are in the forest old,  
Building in each hoary tree ;  
Birds are on the green hills ;  
Birds are by the sea !

On the moor and in the fen,  
'Mong the whortleberries green ;  
In the yellow furze-bush,  
There the joyous bird is seen ;  
In the heather on the hill ;  
All among the mountain thyme ;  
By the little brook-sides,  
Where the sparkling waters chime ;  
In the crag ; and on the peak,  
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,  
There the bird with wild wing  
Wheelet through the air.

Wheelet through the breezy air,  
Singing, screaming in his flight,  
Calling to his bird-mate,  
In a troubleless delight !  
In the green and leafy wood,  
Where the branching ferns up-curl,

Soon as is the dawning,  
Wakes the mavis and the merle ;  
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough ;  
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast ;  
Wakes the mother ring-dove  
Brooding on her nest !

Oh, the sunny summer time !  
Oh, the leafy summer time !  
Merry is the bird's life  
When the year is in its prime !  
Some are strong and some are weak ;  
Some love day and some love night ;  
But whate'er a bird is,  
Whate'er loves—it has delight,  
In the joyous song it sings ;  
In the liquid air it cleaves ;  
In the sunshine ; in the shower ;  
In the nest it weaves !

Do we wake ; or do we sleep ;  
Go our fancies in a crowd  
After many a dull care,—  
Birds are singing loud !  
Sing then linnets ; sing then wren ;  
Merle and mavis, sing your fill ;  
And thou rapturous skylark,  
Sing and soar up from the hill !  
Sing, oh, nightingale, and pour  
Out for us sweet fancies new !—  
Singing, thus for us, birds,  
We will sing of you !

For Arthur's Magazine.

## A SUMMER SCENE.

From the French of Lamartine.

BY MISS HELEN STANLEY.

SOFTLY reflected in an azure lake,  
A verdant hill slopes lightly towards the wave ;  
All day the sunlight on its fair breast lies,  
And soft gales stir the shadows of the bough.  
Twining its branches round two ancient oaks  
A wild vine with their branches interweaves,  
And their tall stems with paler verdure crowns ;  
Then over fields, where light and shadows play  
In gay festoons, runs on its laughing way.  
There, in the side of an o'er-hanging rock,  
Opens a dim grot, where builds the dove her nest ;  
The vine and fig tree deck and veil its sides,  
And rays of heaven slowly lingering there,  
Measure the moments of the summer day.  
Night, and the coolness of these sombre shades,

Preserve the freshness of the violet pale  
And to its timid colors lend new life ;  
While springs that trickle from the o'er-arching  
roof,  
Steal o'er us with their tears and harmonies.  
The eye, far-piercing through the curtain green.  
Naught sees, but heaven, mirrored in the wave ;  
And on the bosom of the sleeping lake,  
The fisher's sail, o'ershadowing his light skiff,  
Cleaves through the liquid air, as flits the wing  
Of rapid bird above the billow's foam.  
The listening ear hears but a plaintive surge  
In gentle whispers dying on the shore ;  
Or zephyr's voice, or Philomel's soft lay,  
Or echo's sighing, mingled with our own.

## EVENING.

AN eve, intensely beautiful—an eve  
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl  
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal  
woods,

With their innumerable shades and colorings,  
Or, like a silent instrument, at rest ;  
A silent instrument—whereon the wind  
Hath long forgot to play.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THOU BID'ST ME, SWEETEST.

BY B. L. WILTON.

THOU bid'st me, sweetest ! make no sad complaint  
That more of this world's goods we may not share :  
Thou whisperest that our fate hath no restraint,  
That with my love thou would'st not gladly bear.  
I grieve no more, then, thy soft whisper heeding ;  
Sweetest ! I yield unto thy gentle bidding.

Nay I could now e'en joy those ills to see,  
That thus for me thy fervent truth have shown,  
If 'twere not that my life's stern poverty  
Must wring thy gentle bosom with mine own.  
But, since I may not joy, at least no sorrow  
Shall mar the sunshine of our life's sweet morrow.

Dearest ! a low-eved cot, 'neath some old tree,  
Shaded with woodbine dimly, shall be ours ;  
There shall the hours pass on right rosilily,  
And life to us shall step on summer flowers :  
While want with his stern ills shall pass unheeded,  
Our joys, our loves, our hearts so closely wedded.

And the warm love, within thy heaving breast,  
That won my heart in young life's rosy day,  
It still shall gild our life's o'ershadowing west,  
While thus, unvexed, its light shall fade away.  
And, oh, how blest shall be our life's calm even,  
Fading like sunlight in the depth of heaven !



## TO TIME.

BY W. H. TIMROD.

THEY slander thee, "old traveller,"  
Who say that thy delight  
Is to scatter ruin far and wide  
In thy wantonness of might,  
For not a leaf that falleth  
Before thy restless wings,  
But thou changeest in thy rapid flight,  
To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field  
Where the dead lie still and stark,  
Where nought is heard, save the vulture's scream,  
And the gaunt wolf's famished bark.  
But thou hast caused the grain to spring,  
From the blood enriched clay,

And the waving corn-tops seem to dance,  
To the Rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewn the lordly palace,  
In ruin o'er the ground,  
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard  
Where the harp was wont to sound,  
But the self-same spot thou coverest,  
With the dwellings of the poor,  
And for the brave and beautiful,  
Thou hast caused our tears to flow,  
But "always" near the couch of death  
Nor thou, nor we can stay,  
And the breath of thy departing wings  
Dries all our tears away.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THE HAUNTED WELL OF PALESTINE.

A BALLAD.

BY VINCENT E. BARON.

ENCHANTRESS! if the pow'r be thine,  
Invoke some messenger of air,  
To waft this amulet divine,  
A soldier's offering, to his fair.  
And say "the pennon that she gave,  
Shall soar through many a battle field,  
To share his glory, or his grave;  
But never see its bearer yield."  
Enchantress haste! and hither bring  
Her answer from that distant land,  
And thine shall be this matchless ring  
Torn from a slaughter'd Moslem's hand.

"Be mine the boon," the sorc'ess said,  
"And midnight shall confirm the spell.  
Thou shalt behold the constant maid,  
Reclining by the Haunted Well.  
There sip the wave, the charm repeat,  
Thrice make the cross upon thy breast,  
And then a voice shall answer sweet  
To what so e'er is thy behest."  
Enchantress stay! the lover cried,  
That voice was sure Rowenna's own!  
But when to grasp her form he tried,  
The gentle prophetess had flown.

'Tis night, and musing on the sky,  
He views the pale, and rising moon,  
And hears, at last, the sentry's cry  
Proclaim the silent hour of noon.  
Then to the haunted well he speeds.

And as he slowly stoop'd to drink,  
A lady clad in mourning weeds,  
Lean'd motionless above the brink.

In haste he cross'd his shining mail;  
And rising up with timid grace,  
The elfin threw aside her veil.  
Good Jesu! 'twas his maiden's face!  
That warrior's arm was strong and bold,  
As ever wielded battle blade;  
But now his heart grew weak and cold,  
And scarce his lips a murmur made.

Then gaily spoke the gentle sprite,  
"All hail! my gallant cavalier,  
My brother has become a knight,  
And thy Rowenna greets thee here.  
False tidings reach'd us of your death.  
Our vassals summon'd to our side;  
We came to pour our latest breath,  
Upon the plains where Ormond died.

"Conceal'd beneath a sorc'ess' guise,  
Through toils, and perils have I past,  
Till heav'n, responsive to my sighs,  
My faithful knight restores at last."  
She sank upon his manly breast,  
And tenderly their arms entwined.  
If ever love was truly blest  
'Twas by that well in Palestine.

## THE CORAL GROVE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove  
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine,  
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift.

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow :  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billow flow ;  
The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and the waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air :

There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen

To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms,  
Has made the top of the waves his own :  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## YOU, AND KATE, AND I.

How the skies have faded, Annie !  
Since the happy days,  
When they glowed like loving eyes,  
O'er our merry plays :  
Angels looked from every star  
In our childhood's sky ;  
And how well we loved them, Annie,  
You, and Kate, and I.

Though we passed our childhood, Annie,  
In a crowded town,  
Neither crowds nor noise had power  
Then to press us down ;  
While a ray of sunshine stream'd  
Through the ether blue ;  
While a single flower was smiling,  
We were smiling too.

Then the pleasant Mayings, Annie !  
In that pleasant time,  
How we thought the country things  
Always in their prime :  
Brighter glow'd the living air,  
Rarer birds flew by,  
When we watched them all together,  
You, and Kate, and I.

We had little partings, Annie,  
With their store of pain ;  
Filling hearts with joyous beatings,  
When we met again :  
Ah ! a nobler joy be ours,  
Holy, pure, and high :  
When we meet in heaven, Annie,  
You, and Kate, and I. H. M.

## BLACK EYES vs. BLUE.

From the French.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

THE eyes of brilliant, sparkling jet,  
And those of blue that mildly beam,  
Ever disputed when they met,  
Which should presume to reign supreme.  
Each boldly claimed the preference—  
Their partizans contesting strove;  
At length both rested their defence,  
For judgment from the god of Love.

Never before, did any *cause*  
Produce so much embarrassment.  
The *blacks* and *blues* t' expound the laws,  
Had advocates on triumph bent.  
For *umpires*, came a thousand sighs;  
For *witnesses*, the ardent fires:  
For *proofs* the soul's anxieties:  
And, for *reporters*, the desires

Then Love spake thus, disputes to lull,  
And far the wise decision flew—  
“*With black eyes, girls are beautiful,*  
*And girls are beautiful with blue;*  
The black more tenderness express,  
The blue flash joyous, light and free,  
And, while the black portray finesse,  
The blue have amiability.

“The black inclines to fancies wild—  
There's danger in a deep, dark eye;  
The blue is artless as a child,  
And loves, e'en to idolatry.  
In black eyes, joy her flowers enwreathes—  
The blue shed radiance soft and true—  
The soul from out a black eye breathes,  
But mildness reigns supreme in blue.”

## HIGHLAND MARY.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I WOULD I were the light fern growing  
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,  
I would I were the green tree throwing  
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!  
I would I were a wild-flower springing  
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,  
That she might pluck me while she's singing,  
And place me on her snowy breast!

I would I were in yonder heaven  
A silver star, whose soft dim light  
Would rise to bless each summer even,  
And watch my Mary all the night!

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I would, beneath these small white fingers,  
I were the lute her breath has fanned—  
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,  
As loth to leave her fairy hand!

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander  
From Scotland to some darker sky,  
But ever live unchanging yonder,  
To happiness and Mary nigh!  
While I at midnight sadly weeping  
Upon its deep transparent blue,  
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,  
And dream my Mary watches too!

## SEPTEMBER.

BY G. WILCOX.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,  
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year ;—  
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace :  
The fading season ere the falling come,  
More sober than the buxom blooming May,  
And therefore less the favorite of the world,  
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.  
'Tis now far spent ; and the meridian sun,  
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,  
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth  
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,  
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues ;  
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,  
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight  
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged  
Upon each brink, with all the gorgeous hues,  
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,  
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,

Adorn the shores ; to see, perhaps, the side  
Of some high mount reflected far below  
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots  
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad  
To wander in the open fields, and hear,  
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,  
The lulling insects of the summer's night :  
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,  
A lonely bee long roving here and there  
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;  
Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,  
In widening circles round and round his head,  
Straight by the listener flying clear away,  
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;  
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,  
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,  
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped  
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

## THE CANDID WOOING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I CANNOT give thee all my heart,  
Lady, lady,—  
My faith and country claim a part,  
My sweet lady.  
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine  
That all the rest is truly thine ;  
The raving passion of a boy,  
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—  
Confide thou rather, in the man  
Who vows to love thee all he can,  
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,  
Lady, lady,—  
Can never dwindle to neglect,  
My sweet lady.  
And while thy gentle virtues live,  
Such is the love that I will give.

The torrent leaves its channel dry,  
The brook runs on incessantly ;—  
The storm of passion lasts a day,  
But calm true love endures alway,  
My sweet lady.

Accept, then, a divided heart,  
Lady, lady,—  
*Faith, Friendship, Honor*, each have part,  
My sweet lady.  
While at one altar we adore,  
*Faith* shall make us love the more ;  
And *Friendship*, true to all beside,  
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride ;  
And *Honor*, based on love and truth,  
Shall last beyond the charms of youth,  
My sweet lady.

## STANZAS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Come, loved one! smile the gloom away  
That clouds thy fair young brow;  
Tears have not dimmed thy soft blue eye  
For many a day, 'till now.  
Believe me, thine are idle fears,  
Mere airy nothing. Dry thy tears  
That gush so warm and fast!  
Strange! thou shouldst doubt the love, for thee,  
That wellet up unceasingly.

I hold thee fondly to my heart;  
Again I tell the tale  
Young passion murmured first to thee  
At eve in shadowy vale;

Thy trembling hand is fast in mine—  
I lay my warm cheek thus to thine,  
And woo thee, even as when  
My love tale in thy willing ear,  
I poured, and saw thee weep to hear.

Now thou art happy! Dear one! why  
Oh why thus doubt the love,  
That hath, but thee, no polar star,  
Save that which guides above?  
If care weigh down my spirit, smile,  
And care shall own the pleasant wile,  
And half forget its gloom,—  
But do not, dearest! thus be moved,  
In fear thou art not wholly loved.

## TO IANTHE.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

IANTHE! on that lofty brow  
Thought sits as on a throne;  
Yet, as thine eyes are beaming now  
With love, and love alone,  
My soul doth drink their beauty in;  
As if by beauty nursed;  
But Oh! the more it seems to win,  
The more it is athirst.

Then frown not if I look, my dear,  
Too fondly in thine eyes;  
Or list with too intent an ear  
Thy musical replies.  
How can mine eyes not glass thine own,  
When lovingly they shine;  
Or how can I not list the tone  
That tells me thou art mine.

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Oh! I could linger near thee, sweet!  
From eve till morning's light,  
And chide the Hours whose winged feet  
Too swiftly chase the night.  
So rapt am I, and thou so dear,  
That churlish Time is all forgot;  
And I but dream, when thou art near,  
To wake when thou art not.

It hath a sad sweet sound—"Farewell"  
When loved lips murmur it;  
For 'tis the breaking of a spell  
We fain would bind us yet.  
Then fades Love's rapturous mystery,  
And slowly move the loitering Hours;  
For bleak and bare Reality  
Usurps the realm of flowers.

## IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR

OF THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

In regions of light and ineffable beauty,  
The pilgrims of time find a haven of rest,  
Where the cares of this life, and each perplexing  
duty,  
Are forgotten or seem like a dream at the best—  
The world's darkest frown, the reverses it brought us,  
So unlike the visions of magical youth,  
The sad disappointment, the lesson it taught us,  
Will all be expunged at the fountain of truth—  
That fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,  
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

That fount thou hast hailed, as a far distant treasure,  
Yes, oft when thy heart, has been weary and sore  
From the world's chilly smile, its fast fading pleasure,  
How sweet to resort to its mystical store,  
To muse on perfection, on that mighty power,

New Albany, Ia

That fashioned the heart in its intricate mould,  
Who gave light to the earth and life to the flower—  
And the dew-drop that lies in its innermost fold—  
The fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,  
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

Inspiration divine, like the sun's lucid light,  
Dispels the dark spots from the mind's clouded sky,  
Revealing at once, to the enraptured sight,  
Beautified vision that never can die—  
In that spiritual land, where the harrassed souls rest  
In pavilions of bliss where the amaranth blows,  
There the bright wing of love spreads a light o'er the  
blest,  
And the clear chrystal fountain of truth ever flows,  
That fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,  
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

A. M. C.

## SHORTNESS OF TIME.

THE moments fly—a minute's gone ;  
The minutes fly—an hour is run !  
The day is fled the night is here !  
Thus flies a week—a month—a year.

A year—alas ! how soon it's past :  
Who knows but *this* may be my last !  
A few short years, how soon they're fled,  
And we are numbered with the dead.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

READ—think—and fix thy duty in thy mind ;  
And then, despite the world's alluring charms,  
Despite the strong temptations of the fiend,  
Despite the evil stirrings of thy heart,  
Sternly *perform* thy duty to the last.

Swerve not a moment. Let thy lofty hope  
Stand at the throne's foot in mid-heaven ! (The flowers  
Of sinful pleasures, trample on ; and wear  
The thorns of persecution on thy brow—  
Should such a crown be bound there—with a smile.

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language? sweet, I know no tongue,  
No mystic art those gentle things declare,  
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among  
Created things, so delicate and rare:  
Their language? Prythee! why they are themselves  
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,  
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,  
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—  
Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,  
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,  
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—  
Say, do not these to every heart declare,  
With all the silent eloquence of truth,  
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,  
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

## INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn  
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;  
The Blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,  
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;  
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,  
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;  
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels  
shiver;  
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,  
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leap-  
ing.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere  
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes  
That richly deck the slow-declining year;  
I love the splendor of thy sun-set skies,  
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,

Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too,  
brief;  
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,  
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,  
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes  
away.

Oh Nature! fondly I still turn to thee  
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's  
were;—  
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,  
Towards thee I still the same devotion bear;  
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more  
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—  
Still—still, child-like I come, as when in prayer  
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,  
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

## MARIUS SEATED ON THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,  
Fanes quiver in the air,  
A prostrate city is thy seat,  
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,  
Though ruin is around thee ;  
Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now,  
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul  
Though friends and fame depart ;  
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,  
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,  
Which earth can never tame ;

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—  
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,  
May melt like mist away ;  
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,  
Like Carthage in decay ;

And proud hopes in the human heart  
May be to ruin hurled ;  
Like mouldering monuments of art  
Heaped on a sleeping world :

Yet, there is something will not die,  
Where life hath once been fair ;  
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,  
Some Roman lingers there !

## PETRARCH.

BY L. E. L.

I EVER thought that Poet's fate  
Utterly lone and desolate.  
It is the spirit's bitterest pain  
To love, to be beloved again ;

And yet between a gulf which ever  
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.  
And he was vowed to one bright star,  
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.



## TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
    Spirit of night !  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone day-light,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,  
    Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
    Star in-wrought !  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day ;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out ;

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand ;  
    Come, long-sought !

When I arose, and saw the dawn,  
    I sigh'd for thee !  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary day turn'd to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
    I sigh'd for thee.

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## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river  
And the river with the ocean ;  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion.

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Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's beings mingle,  
Why not I with thine ?

---

Lo the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield !  
Hark to nature's lesson given  
By the cheerful birds of heaven !

Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy ;  
" Mortals, fly from doubt and sorrow ;  
God provideth for the morrow !"

## FROM BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

If thou wert by my side, my love !  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love ! wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning grey,  
When on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind approving eye,  
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor wild Malwah detain,  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
Across the dark-blue sea,  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee !

For Arthur's Magazine.

### "WORDS ARE THINGS."

In an hour of mirthful gladness,  
When glee was unrepressed,  
I wounded one I dearly loved,  
With thoughtless words of jest :  
I know not then how bitterly,  
A random trifle stings ;  
But learned with pain, when grief was vain,  
To know that " words are things."

Look backward o'er thy bygone years,  
The morning of thy day :  
Where childhood's smiles, and childhood's tears,  
Together fall—and play :  
And every pleasure, every pain  
That thoughtful memory brings,  
Will only deepen on thy heart,  
The truth that " words are things."

Call hope to gild thy future  
With gifts most bright and rare ;  
And words of promise will be found,  
The brightest even there :  
How far beyond all other hopes,  
To these devotion clings ;  
And whispers with an ardent tongue,  
That " words are precious things."

Then while thy life is full of joy,  
And pleasures woo thy soul,  
Accept and use their loveliest gifts,  
Guided by self-control ;  
Whether midst household duties,  
Or where mirth her music rings,  
Keep thou a watch before thy lips,  
Remember " words are things."

H. M.

## A P O R T R A I T .

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view.  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller betwixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

## A W I S H .

MINE be a cot beside the hill,  
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

## S E L F - E X A M I N A T I O N .

At evening to myself I say,  
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,  
Thy labors how bestowed ?

What hast thou rightly said or done ?  
What grace attained, or knowledge won,  
In following after God ?

## ECHO.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen

Within thy æry shell  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
Cans't thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O, if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!

So may'st thou be translated to the skies

And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

## THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and talked, and danced and sung;  
And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, nor pain:  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,  
When sickness shook this trembling frame,  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could dance and sing no more,  
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be,  
Were this world, only, made for me!





## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

At the time when he was highest in her favour, Queen Elizabeth presented the Earl of Essex with a ring as a pledge, that, by sending it back to her, she would pardon any offence he might commit. When under sentence of death for high treason, Essex entrusted this ring to his relative, the Countess of Nottingham, to be delivered by her to the queen, as a claim on her promise of forgiveness. This ring the countess treacherously suppressed at the instance of her husband, who was the bitter enemy of Essex. The deceived queen, having waited in vain for the return of the ring, and being induced to believe that Essex was too proud to accept a pardon at her hands, and that he obstinately persisted in preferring death at once to a life granted by her clemency, she, after much hesitation and with great reluctance, brought herself to sign the warrant for his execution. He was beheaded within the Tower of London;—and with him perished the peace of Elizabeth. Within two years after this event, the perfidious countess found herself on her death-bed. Agonized with remorse, she sent for the queen, confessed to her the suppression of the ring, and implored her forgiveness.

DEATH stood beside a lordly dome  
As pitiless and dread  
As when within the peasant's home  
He smites the unhonour'd head:  
"Haste! call the queen!"—a feeble tone  
In fear and anguish cried,  
And she who sat on England's throne  
Bent at the sufferer's side.

The dying countess strove in vain  
Her last request to speak,  
Till tears of woe and dews of pain  
Blent on her ashen cheek.  
At length her quivering hand unclos'd,  
And, lo!—a ring was there,  
Of rare and radiant gems compos'd,  
Such as a king might wear.

"He for whose hand this ring was meet,  
I dare not speak his name,  
Bade me to lay it at your feet,  
And spare the scaffold's shame.  
But I—and be my sin reveal'd,  
And my repentance keen,  
I—in stern hate that pledge conceal'd—  
Oh! pardon—gracious queen!"

What did the jewell'd toy restore  
Within that royal heart?—  
Did maddening love revive once more  
In that convulsive start?—

But who can scan her spirit's frame  
As that fond pledge she view'd?  
While stern, her idol Essex came  
Back from his grave of blood!

Regret, confusion, and remorse  
Her warring thoughts distress'd,  
And every heart-string's rebel force  
Made conflict in her breast;  
Fierce passions o'er her features spread,  
And, with a maniac grasp,  
She shook the countess in her bed,  
Even at the latest gasp.

With flashing eyes and tottering knees  
She shriek'd, in accents shrill,  
"God may forgive you, if he please;  
But, no! I never will!"—  
Cold horror, like a blighting frost,  
Upon the dying fell,  
And, with one groan, the wretched ghost  
Bade its pale clay farewell.

Yet scarce a few more suns serene  
O'er the proud palace sped,  
When, lo! high Tudor's haughty queen  
Was with the crownless dead;  
And she th' implacable did stand  
Before that Judge in Heaven  
Who gave the great, the dread command,  
"Forgive!—and be forgiven!"

**THE TELESCOPE:**  
**OR, REASON AND FAITH.**

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

**THEY** tell of constellations,  
Where stars unnumbered shine,  
In ether's darksome depths concealed,  
Like diamonds in a mine ;  
• That orbs of burning light are there  
Sown thick as flowers appear,  
When spring in living beauty comes  
To crown earth's joyous year.

How wonderful the mystery  
That Learning's key can ope !  
The eye of proud Philosophy  
Directs his telescope ;  
The milky-way is paved with suns,  
Revealed before his sight ;  
The Magellanic clouds shine out  
Fair worlds of life and light.

And oh ! what lovely visions  
Of clustering stars\* are seen,  
Like fairies in their floating robes  
Of crimson, gold, and green ;  
Or in that "purple light," whose rays  
Seem caught from Love and Youth,  
And thus the blissful mansions form  
Of Purity and Truth.

But vain may prove this knowledge,  
This vaunted light of mind,  
To lead the soul in onward search,  
The Source of Light to find :  
Oh, many wise astronomers  
In doubt and darkness grope !  
You ne'er may learn who form'd the stars,  
With Reason's telescope.

But Faith, the angel, bringeth  
Her lens of Love divine,  
Which needeth not the art of men  
To polish and refine ;  
Which needeth not the scholar's lore,  
The science-practiced eye—  
The humblest soul that trusts in God  
Hath learn'd to read the sky.

Beyond the constellations,  
Beyond those primal suns,  
Which seem but diamond points of light  
Faith's strengthened vision runs ;—  
Or guided by the clew divine,  
Which links the formless clod  
To Heaven's blest throne, it reads in all  
The workmanship of God !

Ye Solons of philosophy,  
Look up with trusting eye,  
Faith's lens within your telescope,  
So shall ye read the sky,  
And trace the glorious Maker's hand,  
And feel, as saith the Word,  
That "many mansions" are prepared  
For those who love the Lord,

\* "Many thousands of stars that seem to be only brilliant points, when carefully examined are found to be, in reality, systems of two or more suns, some revolving about a common centre. These binary and multiple stars are so remote that they require the most powerful telescope to show them separately. The double stars are of various hues, but most frequently exhibit the contrasted colors. The larger star is generally yellow, orange, or red ; and the small star blue, purple, or green. Sometimes a white star is combined with a blue or purple, and more rarely a red and white are united."—*Mrs. Somerville.*



No more, no more—O, never more returning,  
 Will thy beloved presence gladden earth ;  
 No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning  
 Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.  
 Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,  
 How many lovely things have vanish'd too :  
 Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,  
 And feelings, teaching us our own were true.  
 Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,  
 Known only by the music on the air ;  
 The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit  
 A beauty known but from thy breathing there ;  
 For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,  
 The likeness from itself thy fond heart gave ;  
 As planets from afar look down on ocean,  
 And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,

As floats thy various melodies along ;  
 We know the softness of Italian measures,  
 And the grave cadence of Castilian song.  
 A general bond of union is the poet,  
 By its immortal verse is language known,  
 And for the sake of song do others know it—  
 One glorious poet makes the world his own.  
 And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended !  
 The heart's sweet empire over land and sea ;  
 Many a stranger and fair flower was blended  
 In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.  
 The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters  
 Paused in the pine woods words of thine to hear.  
 And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters  
 Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly ?—never  
 Can fame atone for all that fame has cost.  
 We see the goal, but know not the endeavor,  
 Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost.  
 What do we know of the unquiet pillow,  
 By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,  
 When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous  
 billow,  
 Whose very light and foam reveals unrest ?

We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not  
 What may have left that sorrow on the song ;  
 However mournful words may be, they show not  
 The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.  
 They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd only  
 In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.  
 Alas ! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—  
 Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing  
 In sweet clear light the hidden world below,  
 By quicker fancies and a keener feeling  
 Than those around, the cold and careless know ?  
 What is to feed such feeling, but to culture  
 A soil whence pain will never more depart ?  
 The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,  
 Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.  
 Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—  
 By careless tongues and by ungenerous words ;  
 While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,  
 Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.  
 Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers  
 Gave other lips the joy thine own had not ?  
 Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers  
 Which closed around thy mourning human lot ?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,  
 For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,  
 The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,  
 But only from thyself its being drew.  
 How is the warm and loving heart requited  
 In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell !  
 Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd, and slighted—  
 Such is the doom of those who love too well.  
 Better the weary dove should close its pinion.  
 Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,  
 Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,  
 Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.  
 Fame's troubled hour has clear'd, and now  
 replying,  
 A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.  
 Sleep with a light the lovely and undying  
 Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

L. E. L.

RELIGIOUSLY keep all promises and covenants, though made to your disadvantage, though afterwards you perceive you might have done better.

THE ambitious labors of men to get great estates, is but the selling of a fountain to buy a fever, a parting with content, to buy necessity.

# THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.

BY LUCY HOOVER.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of Maria Theresa, as Queen of Hungary, are well known, how she wore the iron crown of St. Stephen, and rode to the Royal Mount on a superb charger waving her sword in defiance to the four corners of the earth: how that afterwards in the banquet hall, being incommoded by the heat, she removed it from her head, while her luxuriant tresses falling upon her neck, the assembled Hungarian nobles were thrilled with enthusiasm by her beauty, her youth and her noble spirit. The scene on which the following lines were written, took place when in the assembled Diet, she threw herself upon the tried fidelity and bravery of her Hungarian nobles.

BEAUTIFUL looked the lady  
When she wore the iron crown  
Beautiful at the banquet-hall  
With her shining hair unbound;  
And queenly at the Royal Mount,  
As, with a warrior's air,  
She boldly waved the flashing sword,  
And reined her charger there.

But more beautiful the lady,  
With her calm and stately grace,  
Glancing with firm and steadfast eye  
On knight and noble's face;  
And casting to the idle wind  
A woman's passing fear,  
She turned to that assembled throng—  
“Nobles of Hungary; hear!

“As men do gaze in thickest night  
Upon a single star,  
So shines to me your steadfast faith  
With promise from afar;  
I place my trust upon your arms,  
On yours, the true and brave,  
For Hungary's soil may never shield  
The coward or the slave!

“I call unto my rescue now  
God and St. Stephen's aid;  
I gaze upon the swelling tide  
With spirit undismayed.

Nobles and knights of Hungary,  
I pledge my queenly word  
To guard for you each sacred right—  
Who draws for *me* his sword?

“Now, in mine hour of darkest fear,  
On you my hope I cast;  
Nobles and knights of Hungary  
Will ye not bide the blast?  
God shall defend my righteous cause  
I call ye to the strife—  
Who for his leader and his queen  
Will peril fame and life!”

And swords were from their scabbards flung,  
And spears were gleaming bright,  
While loudly thrilling accents rung,  
“St. Stephen for the right!—  
Lady! to thee our lives we pledge,  
The peril we defy;  
Marie Therese shall be our queen,  
Marie, our battle cry!”

Noble and knight, on bended knee,  
Came from that throng apart,  
And bathed with tears her gentle hand  
Who bore so true a heart;  
And tears were in those shining eyes,  
Though flashed her spirit high,  
As louder swelled the thrilling words  
“For thee we live or die!”

# PASSAGE UP LAKE GEORGE.

BY O. H. COSTELL.

LIGHT moves the boat upon the lake ;  
    'Tis morning's early hour,  
And scarce the slumbering zephyrs wake  
    To fan the mountain flower.  
Silent and bright the waters lie  
Beneath Heaven's summer canopy ;  
The towering hills, with forests crown'd,  
That hem the lonely lake around,  
Its lovely bosom bright and blue,  
Pictures like polish'd mirror true.  
And as the vapors slowly rise,  
Like veil from peerless beauty's eyes,  
A hundred Isles with dew-drops wet,  
    That glitter in the morning sun,  
Like diamond-gems in emerald set,  
    Greet the glad vision one by one.

On moves the boat—no breeze—no tide—  
No bars the tranquil lake divide ;  
Yet the gay fabric passes by  
    Mountain and island gracefully ;  
'Tis Fulton's magic ; yet by eye  
    Unpractised in such mystery,  
As phantom might the bark be view'd,  
Careering here in solitude.

Man's restless spirit stands subdued,  
'Mid nature's sterner solitude.  
The boundless wood—the silent shore  
By countless ages wander'd o'er—  
The mountains and the rocks that stand  
Like guardian giants of the land ;  
While at their feet the mimic sea  
Sleeps on like cradled infancy—  
All breathe enchantment, and a spell  
Where purer, holier feelings dwell,  
That bid the astonish'd wanderer pause  
And bow before the Almighty cause.—  
His fever'd spirit feels a balm ;  
    The chastened wish comes gently o'er him,  
That oftner thus his soul were calm  
    And peaceful as the scene before him.

Not always thus hath tranquil been  
This wild and lonely mountain scene,—  
Yon fort, upon whose rugged brow  
Fantastic wreaths of wild-flowers grow,  
Though all in ruins now, and rude,  
Tells of the past—of deadly feud !

When struggling freedom first unfurl'd  
Her banner o'er the western world,  
Her stripes and stars were strangely seen  
To mingle here with wild-wood green ;  
And 'mid her native mountains flew,  
Columbia's Eagle proud and true ;  
Nor quail'd when 'mid defiance high  
The "Lion Standard" met the eye,  
And bade the cannon's thunders wake  
The slumbering echoes of the lake.  
When dancing plumes and helmets proud  
Around the rival banners crowd ;  
And rifle's crack, and savage yell  
Told where the fated victim fell ;  
While martial music loud and long  
Join'd chorus with the mad'ning throng ;  
Still did Columbia's patriot band  
Cling to their banner and their land,  
Though freedom's bark was tempest-toss'd  
And fearful oft was triumph's cost.

'Tis o'er—and all the deadly fray  
Like morning mist has pass'd away.  
The slayer and the slain are gone—  
Still'd is the trumpet's thrilling tone—  
The loud command, the signal true,  
From rank to rank that hurrying flew,  
Are hush'd, and all is silent now  
On forest, lake, and mountain brow.

'Tis thus time's current hurries by,  
Regardless of our pageantry.  
The wave that bears conflicting life  
Relentless closes o'er its strife ;  
And parted scenes of pomp and pride  
Leave scarce a ripple on its tide.

# LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

BY LUCY HOOPER.

"Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage. . . . There was but one lady, who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavorably at *them*,) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake. . . ."

BEAUTIFUL child! my lot is cast;  
Hope from my path hath for ever past;  
Nothing the future can bring to me  
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;  
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,  
My brain hath throbb'd but my heart is dead:  
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—  
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,  
Ever as sinless and bright as now;  
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,  
The fair pure buds it is thine to bring,  
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,  
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;  
Would that thy gift could anew impart  
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! may'st thou never hear  
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear:  
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow  
With a warmer tint from the heart below:  
Beautiful child! may'st thou never bear  
The clinging weight of a cold despair;  
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crossed,  
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why should'st thou stay?  
There is danger near thee,—away! away!  
Away! in thy spotless purity;  
Nothing can here be a type of thee;

The very air, as it fans thy brow,  
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;  
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,  
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see  
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,  
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,  
And thy life flow on as its silent stream  
Afar from the world of doubt and sin,—  
This weary world thou must wander in;  
Such home was once to my visions given,  
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart  
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;  
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain  
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,  
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned,  
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned;  
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,  
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!

Beautiful being! away, away!  
The angels above be thy help and stay,  
Save thee from sorrow and save thee from sin,  
Guard thee from danger without and within.  
Pure be thy spirit and breathe for me  
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;  
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,  
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.



## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes  
When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
Onward through life he goes :  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted—something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of Life  
Our fortunes must be wrought,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Oh, brother," said fair Annie,  
To the blind boy at her side ;  
"Would thou could'st see the sunshine lie  
On hill and valley, and the sky  
Hung like a glorious canopy  
O'er all things far and wide !

"Would thou could'st see the waters  
In many a distant glen ;  
The mountain flocks that graze around ;  
Nay, even this patch of stony ground,  
These crags, with silver lichen crowned,  
I would that thou could'st ken !

"Would thou could'st see my face, brother,  
As well as I see thine ;  
For always what I cannot see  
It is but half a joy to me.  
Brother, I often weep for thee,  
Yet thou dost ne'er repine !"

"And why should I repine, Annie ?"  
Said the blind boy, with a smile ;  
"I ken the blue sky and the gray ;  
The sunny and the misty day ;  
The moorland valley stretched away  
For many and many a mile !

"I ken the night and day, Annie,  
For all ye may believe ;  
And often in my spirit lies  
A clear light as of mid-day skies ;  
And splendors on my vision rise,  
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

"I sit upon the stone, Annie,  
Beside our cottage door,  
And people say, 'that boy is blind,'  
And pity me, although I find  
A world of beauty in my mind,  
A never-ceasing store.

"I hear you talk of mountains,  
The beautiful, the grand ;  
Of splintered peaks so gray and tall ;  
Of lake and glen and waterfall ;  
Of flowers and trees ;—I ken them all ;  
Their difference understand.

"The harbells and the gowan  
Are not alike to me,  
Are different as the herd and flock,

The blasted pine-tree of the rock,  
The waving birch, the broad, green oak,  
The river, and the sea.

"And oh, the heavenly music,  
That, as I sit alone,  
Comes to mine inward sense as clear  
As if the angel voices were  
Singing to harp and dulcimer  
Before the mighty throne !

"It is not as of outward sound,  
Of breeze, or singing bird ;  
But wondrous melody refined ;  
A gift of God unto the blind ;  
An inward harmony of mind,  
By inward senses heard !

"And all the old-world stories  
That neighbors tell o' nights ;  
Of fairies on the fairy mound,  
Of brownies dwelling under ground.  
Of elves careering round and round,  
Of fays and water-sprites :

"All this to me is pleasantness,—  
Is all a merry show ;  
I see the antic people play,—  
Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,  
In a sweet country far away,  
Yet where I seem to go.

"But better far than this, Annie,  
Is when thou read'st to me  
Of the dear Saviour meek and kind.  
And how he healed the lame and blind.  
Am I not healed ?—for in my mind  
His blessed form I see !

"Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,  
Is not of outward things ;  
For, in my inmost soul I know  
His pity for all mortal wo ;  
His words of love, spoke long ago,  
Unseal its deepest springs !

"Then do not mourn for me, Annie,  
Because that I am blind ;—  
The beauty of all outward sight ;  
The wondrous shows of day and night ;  
All love, all faith, and all delight,  
Are strong in heart and mind !"



## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THIS admirable ballad is from the pen of a poor schoolmistress named, JEAN ADAMS. It has been ascribed to Mr. Meckle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, but with faint authority. The sixth stanza, beginning, "The cauld blasts," was an interpolation of Dr. Beattie, the celebrated author of the "Minstrel."—WILLIS.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he's weel ?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?  
 Ye jaudes, fling by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door ?  
 Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a' ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa

And gi'e to me my biggonet,  
 My bishop's satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue ;  
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;  
 Put on the muckle pot ;  
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday coat :  
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa'.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,  
 They've fed this month and mair ;  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare ;  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,  
 When he was far awa',  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His very breath like caller air ;  
 His very foot has music in't,  
 As he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downwright dizzy wi' the thought,—  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirl'd through my heart,  
 They're a' blown by, I ha'e him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part ;  
 But what puts parting in my head ?  
 It may be far awa' ;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content.  
 I ha'e na mair to crave ;  
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave :  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

## FRIENDSHIP WHICH NEVER SHALL FADE.

IN the tempest of life when the wave and the gale,  
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,  
 Look aloft and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow  
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,  
 Should betray thee ; when sorrow like clouds are  
 arrayed,  
 Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,  
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,  
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the  
 tomb,  
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O ! when death comes in terrors to cast,  
 His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past,  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart  
 And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

## THE REBUKE.

John viii. 1—12.

FAIR o'er the city's minarets  
Arose the glorious sun ;  
Flooding the air with purple light,  
E're day was scarce begun :  
And sweetly on the lofty hills  
The golden radiance lay ;  
While mists that rose from waking rills,  
Crept silently away.

A crowd was in the temple  
Of awe-struck listening men ;  
For " words of spirit and of life,"  
Were spoken even then :  
They bowed their heads in silence,  
While the Redeemer spoke,  
And light more glorious than the day,  
Upon their spirits broke.

Then came the Scribes and Pharisees,  
With looks and steps of pride :  
And brought a trembling woman,  
To the blessed Saviour's side :  
They told her tale of sin and shame,  
With boasting words, and high :  
And asked that he would judge her,  
But asked in mockery.

They tempted him with sounding words,  
That filled the crowd with awe ;  
How Moses had in olden time,  
Avenged the broken law :  
Only upon the Saviour's brow  
Arose no answering spot :  
But " he stooped, and wrote upon the ground,  
As though he heard them not."

Again ! with louder voices  
The fearful charge was made ;  
Then, Jesus lifted up himself,  
And to the leaders said ;  
" Let him whose soul hath never yet,  
By passion-storms been rent,  
Nor turned aside to vanity,  
Begin the punishment."

There were tones of love and sorrow  
In each softly uttered word :  
But they fell with wondrous power,  
On every ear that heard ;  
There was majesty within them,  
That none dared disobey,  
And one by one in silence,  
The accusers stole away.

Left with the pure and sinless,  
How stood the guilty then ?  
She—who had quailed in terror,  
From the searching glance of men !  
Again—like music on her ear  
Fell that sweet pitying tone,  
" Hath none condemned thee woman ?  
Are thine accusers gone ?"

With quiv'ring lip and tearful eye,  
She gave a meek assent ;  
For the holy love of Jesus,  
Had her sinful spirit bent :  
And soothingly, and healingly,  
Came that soft voice once more ;  
" Neither do I condemn thee :  
But go and sin no more."

H. M.

## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea,  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.



## LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O, IT is life! departed days  
Fling back their brightness while I gaze—  
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair.  
Half curtained in this glossy hair,  
These eyes, the very home of love,  
The dark twin arches traced above,  
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,  
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,  
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—  
It is—ah no!—'tis all *but* life.

'Tis all *but* life—art could not save  
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave;  
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,  
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last;  
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,  
All we adored of thee is hid;  
Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell,  
Is throbless in the narrow cell:  
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more;  
Its last, last, joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,  
The requiem of the fair and young;  
The theme is old, alas! how old,  
Of grief that will not be controlled,  
Of sighs that speak a father's wo,  
Of pangs that none but mothers know,  
Of friendship with its bursting heart,  
Doomed from the idol-one to part—  
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,  
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain,  
Shall long to go, but long in vain;  
Why vice is left to mock at time,  
And gray in years, grow gray in crime;  
While youth, that every eye makes glad,  
And beauty, all in radiance clad,  
And goodness, cheering every heart,  
Come, but come only to depart;  
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,  
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

'Tis darkness, all! black banners wave  
Round the cold borders of the grave;  
There when in agony we bend  
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,  
One only comfort then we know—  
We, too, shall quit this world of wo;  
We, too, shall find a quiet place  
With the dear lost ones of our race;  
Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,  
And life's sad story find an end.

And *is* this all—this mournful doom?  
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?  
Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride;  
They do not quench the orb they hide;  
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,  
In a bright sky to burn once more;  
So, far above the clouds of time,  
Faith can behold a world sublime—  
There, when the storms of life are past,  
The light beyond shall break at last.

# RICHARD BEFORE JERUSALEM.

BY S. TEACKE WALLACE.

THE evening rays glide slowly down behind Moriah's hill,  
And air, and grove, and sky above with purple glory fill—  
On yonder mount a pilgrim stands, before whose downcast eye,  
The beauties of the chosen land in sad perspective lie;  
A man of giant strength he seems, in knighthood's noblest guise,  
And rich in all the pride of form that high-born ladies prize—  
Beneath the crest that, weeping, hangs adown his batter'd helm,  
In bruised, though burnished glory, sits the crown of Albion's realm,  
And, e'en in wo, he shines the star of all the Christian ring,  
The stoutest, boldest, proudest knight, the lion-hearted king!  
He turns to gaze on Salem's land, the land he swore to save,  
Beholds each tree and turret dipt in sunset's gorgeous wave—  
But not to him does sunset bring one beauty in its beam,  
Nor dwells his eye in ecstasy on Cedron's gilded stream;  
But tear on tear comes coursing down his scarr'd and furrow'd cheek,  
And sighs rush forth would rend that heart, if it were made to break—  
He hides his face, behind the shield so oft in triumph borne,  
And flings the useless falchion down, and turns aside to mourn!  
Before him, Salem's battlements gleam in the blessed sun,  
While Paynim crescents glisten high above the wall they've won,  
And every breeze that sweeps across fair Judah's captive plain,

But wafts, to taunt the Christian host, the Muezzin's evening strain.  
In vain he lifts his eyes for aid to yonder glorious Heav'n—  
No more, from Him on high, is aid to Christian pilgrim giv'n;  
And still, as brightly hangs the sky above the Moslem's home,  
As when a thousand Christian prayers thence rent its cloudless dome!  
The monarch gazed, 'till o'er the scene the mists of twilight came,  
While darkly wrestled in his soul his sorrow and his shame,  
And slowly then, as star by star rose twinkling through the gloom,  
With long, and sad, and deep farewell, he left his Saviour's tomb—  
In after days, he bore his lance as proudly as before,  
But never sparkled in his eye the beam of days of yore:  
Not woman's smile could win his breast to heed the things it loved,  
Not all the pomp of regal pride his gathered sorrow moved.  
He entered list, and measured blade, and drove each foeman down,  
But not the tide of knightly praise his settled wo could drown;  
And oft, amid the pageant's gleam, his manly form would start,  
As visions from the Paynim land would shake the lion-heart.  
Whene'er the joyless list was o'er, he'd bid his minstrel bring  
The lute and harp that once were his, and deeds of battle sing,  
But, e'er amid their thrilling notes, the one that moved him most,  
Was that which told the mournful tale, how Salem's land was lost!

# THE STARS.\*

FROM LAMARTINE.

It is the hour for thought—a holy hour—  
When twilight steals from its celestial home,  
And day to distant mountains bids farewell.  
Far in the western horizon, her robe  
Sweeps slowly o'er the firmament obscure,  
Where, in the azure, the dim stars revive.  
Those globes of fire, those isles of living light,  
Spring up by thousands from dispersing shade,  
Like golden dust beneath the steps of Night;  
And eve's soft zephyr, stealing o'er her path,  
Sows them by clusters in the brilliant sky,—  
Some hover o'er the summit of the woods,  
As if celestial bird, with rapid wing  
Had strown in opening, sparkling sheaves of light;  
Others in waves extend themselves in air,  
Like pebbles glistening with the ocean foam;  
These, like a courser flying to the goal,  
Fling to the winds the long and flowing mane;  
Those, half reposing on the distant sky,  
Seem soft eyes opened o'er a sleeping world;  
While on the edge of th' etherial vault,  
Light stars are floating in the azure pure,  
As white-robed sail from distant ports returned,  
O'er ocean glistening in the morn obscure.

Of those bright orbs, sublimest of His works,  
God only knows, the number, distance, age—  
Some growing old, are fading from our view;  
Others are lost in ether's far off depths;  
While some, like flowers, new springing from his hand,  
Rise, with a glory radiant of youth,  
And dart at once into the fields of space—  
Their new born being, man salutes and names.  
Amid this pure, celestial, radiant throng,  
One mild and solitary star I view,  
Which speaks of consolation to my heart;  
Whose glory, veiled in robes of mystery,  
To me recalls a look which beamed on earth.—  
Perhaps—ah! will it not to its far home  
Convey at least the name which love has given.

Meanwhile the night moves on, and in th' abyss  
These floating worlds their silent path pursue;  
While we, borne with them in their onward course  
Towards an unknown port, ourselves advance.  
Often by night, while zephyrs gently breathe,  
Earth seems a vessel floating in the air.  
Her mountains, covered with a brilliant foam,

\* The fair translator, in sending us this fine poem, states that it has previously been communicated by her to the columns of a country newspaper.—Ed.

Cleave with a steady course the restless wave—  
On azure billows now majestic rides,  
While 'gainst her prow ærial surges dash,  
And through her masts the fitful breezes moan,  
And man floats o'er the fathomless abyss,  
Secure, confiding in the Pilot's faith.

Suns, wandering worlds, which sail through space  
with us,

Say, if ye can, to what celestial port  
The unseen hand of Deity now guides?  
Are we, in realms of silence and of wo,  
On some vast rock at midnight to be thrown,  
Strewing immensity with heaps of wreck?  
Or, wafted gently to some brighter shore,  
And on the eternal anchor ever fixed,  
On waves serene, peaceful and safe to ride?

You, who float nearest the celestial vault—  
Perchance, ye sparkling worlds, our fate ye know.  
That purer ocean, where you tranquil glide,  
More lively glories opens to the view,  
More brilliant ye than us, your knowledge more,  
For light the emblem is of holy truth.  
Might I believe the language of your rays,  
Silvering the forest's high, transparent dome,  
Or sudden glancing o'er the troubled waves,  
Calming the fury of the ocean foam—  
That hallowed radiance, milder far than day,  
Breathing of love, of virtue and of prayer—  
Might I believe th' instinctive soft desire,  
Which towards you directs the sight of love,  
The eye of beauty, dream of long lost bliss,  
The eagle's and the poet's loftiest flight,  
Temples of Eden! brilliant palaces!  
Ye are the abodes of innocence and peace,—  
All that we seek of truth and holy love,  
Those fruits, which fallen from heaven we taste on earth  
Forever nourish, in your purer climes,  
The favored children of a happier life;  
And man, restored to his celestial home  
May there find all he loved and lost on earth.  
Alas! how oft in vigils of the night,  
When the freed soul its holiest worship pays,  
I fain would soar above this low abode,  
And 'mid the dazzling spheres which I behold  
Join your bright throng, ye radiant flowers of heaven,  
Beside whose splendor earthly flowers are dim—  
Another star in heaven's pavement sown,  
To ope' beneath the footsteps of my God,

Or sparkle on his brow, the palest gem  
Amid the glories of his diadem.

In the pure crystal of the azure waves,  
Recalling oft to mind my natal globe,  
Each night, alone, to linger would I come  
With soft light beaming on the mounts of earth,  
Beneath the forest's leafy arch's glance,  
Sleep on the meadows, float upon the waves,  
And gently pierce the veil of flying clouds,  
Like glance of love, half hid by modesty—  
To man would I my holiest visits pay ;  
And if there is on earth a pensive brow,  
If there are eyes which know no gentle sleep,  
Souls bathed in sorrow, hearts oppressed with care,  
Pouring their sacred griefs before God's throne,  
My ray, winged by the magic power of love,  
Shall on the darkened brow delight to dwell,  
Its gentle radiance, around them shed,  
Shall on their bosoms rest, smile in their eyes ;  
To them will I reveal, in words sublime,

The secret which misfortune only knows ;  
Dry up their tears ; and when in morning's eye  
My face grows pale upon the distant sky,  
Its last look, as it meets their softened gaze,  
Shall leave them still a vague and holy dream  
Of mingling peace and hope, and worn with sighs,  
Yet they may softly sleep before the dawn.

And you bright sisters, my companion-stars,  
Enamelling the blue etherial plains,  
Measuring your footsteps by the lyres of heaven,  
And mingling in their high harmonious strains '  
I follow you in this celestial chain,  
Led by the power which moves you safely on—  
Ye through this wilderness my steps shall guide,  
This labyrinth of fire, wherein the gaze  
Wearies, and in immensity is lost.  
Still shall ye teach my soul to praise, to love  
Him whom we seek, perchance whom ye behold,  
Till lost in glory's fount, our trembling rays,  
Throughout eternity partakes this bliss.

## NIGHT.

BY CATHARINE H. W. ESLING.

NIGHT shineth through her glittering robe in majesty  
and power,  
The silent stars a flood of light in dazzling radiance  
shower,  
The distant hills, the smiling vales, are bathed in its  
pure beams,  
While the fair queen of summer eve gilds the glad  
running streams.

She cometh in her loveliness, that bright and envied  
one,  
To pour the treasure of her heart in solitude  
alone ;  
To bend upon the fresh green earth in thankfulness  
the knee,  
For the bright blessings and the gifts, great God,  
which flow from thee.

The thrilling of the silver lute may sound in stately  
halls,  
But softer strains of music sing in murmuring water-  
falls,  
The gleaming of a thousand lights may blend in radi-  
ance bright,  
But pale—before the eternal orb, that gems the clouds  
of night.

Night is the time for gentle thought—a calm, and  
solemn time,—  
A voice is in the whispering wind, and in the waters'  
chime,

A holy power, a spirit guard, around our path is  
thrown—  
Oh ! how much nearer God we are in the still night  
alone.

To note his wonders one by one burst on the watch-  
ing eye,  
The glorious harmony that rules the far-spread bound-  
less sky,  
The studded roof that canopies the world with living  
light—  
Thine is the time for solemn thought, thou still, mys-  
terious night.

Faith dwelleth not in fretted domes, where chiselled  
columns wear  
The pride of man—an earthly taint still darkly lingers  
there ;  
But 'mid the wilds of nature stands the temple, and  
its dome  
The vaulted skies, where the strayed heart can find  
again its home.

Wherever stands a giant rock, or springs a budding  
tree,  
Where'er a gushing streamlet leaps, they ever speak  
of thee ;  
And though awhile our wayward feet in error's paths  
may fall,  
Still there's a ray that lures them back—the lamp  
above us all.

# VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[THE recent death of the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Hope," gives a new interest to whatever he has written. Among the most spirited of his minor poems, is the following Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble, composed for a public meeting held in June, 1817. They will bear reading over until every line is remembered.—ED.]

PRIDE of the British stage,  
A long and last adieu !  
Whose image brought th' heroic age  
Revived to Fancy's view.  
Like fields refreshed with dewy light  
When the sun smiles his last,  
Thy parting presence makes more bright  
Our memory of the past ;  
And memory conjures feelings up  
That wine or music need not swell,  
As high we lift the festal cup  
To Kemble ! fare thee well !  
His was the spell o'er hearts  
Which only acting lends,—  
The youngest of the sister Arts,  
Where all their beauty blends :  
For ill can Poetry express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime,  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but a glance of time.  
But by the mighty actor brought,  
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb.  
Time may again revive,  
But ne'er eclipse the charm,  
When Cato spoke in him alive,  
Or Hotspur kindled warm.  
What soul was not resigned entire  
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—  
What English heart was not on fire  
With him at Agincourt ?  
And yet a majesty possessed  
His transport's most impetuous tone,  
And to each passion of his breast  
The Graces gave their zone.  
High were the task—too high,  
Ye conscious bosoms here !  
In words to paint your memory

Of Kemble and of Lear ;  
But who forgets that white discrowned head,  
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguish'd glare,  
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,  
In doubt more touching than despair,  
If 'twas reality he felt ?  
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,  
Friends, he had seen you melt,  
And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour  
Of blended kindred fame,  
When Siddons's auxiliar power  
And sister magic came.  
Together at the Muse's side  
The tragic paragons had grown—  
They were the children of her pride,  
The columns of her throne,  
And undivided favor ran  
From heart to heart in their applause,  
Save for the gallantry of man,  
In lovelier woman's cause.  
Fair as some classic dome,  
Robust and richly graced,  
Your *Kemble's* spirit was the home  
Of genius and of taste :—  
Taste like the silent dial's power,  
That when supernal light is given,  
Can measure inspiration's hour,  
And tell its height in heaven.  
At once ennobled and correct,  
His mind surveyed the tragic page,  
And what the actor could effect,  
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :—  
And must we lose them now !  
And shall the scene no more show forth  
His sternly pleasing brow !  
Alas, the moral brings a tear !—  
'Tis all a transient hour below ;  
And we that would detain thee here,  
Ourselves as fleetly go !  
Yet shall our latest age  
This parting scene review :—  
Pride of the British stage,  
A long and last adieu !

# WILLY AND THE BEGGAR GIRL.

"An apple, dear mother!"  
Cried Willy, one day,  
Coming in, with his cheeks  
Glowing bright, from his play.  
"I want a nice apple,  
A large one and red."  
"For whom do you wish it?"  
His kind mother said.

"You know a big apple  
I gave you at noon;  
And now for another,  
My boy it's too soon."  
"There's a poor little girl  
At the door, mother dear,"  
Said Will, while within  
His mild eye shone a tear.

"She says, since last evening  
She's eaten no bread.  
Her feet are all naked,  
And bare is her head.  
Like me, she's no mother  
To love her, I'm sure,  
Or she'd not look so hungry  
And ragged and poor.

"Let me give her an apple;  
She wants one I know;  
A nice, large, red apple,—  
Oh! do not say no."  
First a kiss to the lips  
Of her generous boy,  
Mamma gave with a feeling  
Of exquisite joy—

For goodness, whene'er  
In a child it is seen,  
Gives joy to the heart  
Of a mother, I ween—  
And then led him out, where,  
Still stood by the door,  
A poor little beggar-girl  
Ragged all o'er.

"Please ma'am, I am hungry,"  
The little thing said,  
"Will you give me to eat  
A small piece of bread."  
"Yes, child, you shall have it;  
But who sends you out  
From dwelling to dwelling  
To wander about?"

A pair of mild eyes  
To the lady were raised;  
"My mother's been sick  
For a great many days.  
So sick she don't know me."  
Sobs stifled the rest—  
And, heavéd with young sorrow  
That innocent breast.

Just then from the store-room—  
Where wee Willy ran,  
As his mother to question  
The poor child began—  
Came forth the sweet boy,  
With a large loaf of bread,  
Held tight in his tiny hands  
High o'er his head.

"Here's bread and a plenty!  
Eat little girl, eat!"  
He cried, as he laid  
The great loaf at her feet.  
The mother smiled gently,  
Then, quick through the door  
Drew the sad little stranger  
So hungry and poor.

With words kindly spoken  
She gave her nice food,  
And clothed her with garments  
All clean, warm, and good.  
This done, she was leading  
Her out, when she heard  
Will coming down stairs  
Like a fluttering bird.

A newly bought leghorn  
With green bow and band,  
And an old, worn out beaver  
He held in his hand.  
"Here! give her my new hat,"  
He cried,—"I can wear  
My black one all summer  
Its good—you won't care—

"Say! will you, dear mother?"  
First out through the door,  
She passed the girl kindly;  
Then quick from the floor  
Caught up the dear fellow—  
Kissed and kissed him again,  
While her glad tears fell freely  
O'er his sweet face like rain.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE YEAR.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

THE spirit of the year is flown;  
The harp with song no more is strung,  
That like a mountain seraph's tone,  
Wild melody around us slung.  
The chords were touched with mystic power,  
And hearts vibrated to the strain,  
That, even in that solemn hour  
Commingled pleasure with its pain.

The chords were touched,—and proudly rose  
That song of the departed one;  
While life was drawing to a close,  
Ere yet its lingering task was done.  
As rose its strain upon the air,  
And cast on earth its magic spell,  
A tone of sadness mingled there,  
In token of its last farewell.

"I join the noble dead,"—it said,  
As passed the shadow of its wing;  
"I go to join the mighty dead,  
The greatness of their deeds to sing.  
I stand upon that yielding shore,  
Whose dark waves gather round me fast;  
And lo! to greet me, come once more  
The kingly rulers of the Past.

"Thou, of the many diadems!  
Before whose silent waves I stand,  
My beautiful, my priceless gems  
I give into your jewelled hand.

Xenia O.

The gladness that was won't to twine  
Around my harp's wild minstrelsy;—  
Warm hearts that knelt before my shrine,  
These, are my offerings to thee.

"I shook the blossoms from my wing,  
To herald my departure hence,  
And bade the forest flow'rets sing  
My dirge of summer excellence.  
I see them now beside that grave  
That open, waits for me the while;  
They turn upon the silent wave,  
And greet me with their solemn smile.

"I come, not as a captive comes,  
Enchained from dark disastrous war;  
Whose thought in tortured madness roams,—  
I am a kingly conqueror.  
The hearts of millions are my own,  
Whose gladness to the grave went down;  
Their deep unchanging love my throne—  
Their tears, the jewels of my crown.

"Ye shadowy sisters of the Past,  
Whose mighty love is o'er me spread,  
I feel I am your own at last—  
One, numbered with the noble dead.  
I enter now that silent home,  
I hear the sad winds breathe my knell;  
Lost ones, and loved! I come, I come,  
Earth and earth's children, all farewell."

## TO WILLIE, IN THE WEST.

You have heard the wayward things,  
I in sport can do ;  
So you need not wonder, Willie,  
If I rhyme for you ;  
Marvel not if nonsense flows  
From my white-wing'd pen ;  
Know you not, " the wisest relish  
Nonsense now and then ? "

Out among the western " clearings,"  
Have you never seen  
Any thing that looked like fairies,  
Tripping o'er the green ?  
I can scarcely think a landscape,  
Quite complete without them,  
So if you should see them, Willie,  
Send us word about them.

Seek them when the friendly moonlight  
Sleeps among the trees,  
Then (I'm told) they hold their revels  
" Thick as blackberries ;"  
Peep in every flower-cup  
For the little elves,  
Sometimes in their merry sports,  
There they hide themselves.

I profess a faith in fairies  
Quite behind the age,  
Now that argument and reason  
Seem to be the rage ;  
Scarce a flower bursteth open,  
With a sudden spring,

But I deem " a passing fairy,  
Touched it with her wing."

When the far-off stars go shooting  
Through the gloom of night,  
They to me are only tokens  
Of a fairy's flight ;  
And the twilight's pleasant music,  
Lulling, low and long,  
Bird, and breeze, and distant streamlet,  
Make one fairy song ;  
And the radiant summer heavens  
With their thousand lights ;  
And the beauty of the sunset,  
These are fairy sights.

Yet my fairies are not such  
As the thoughtless deem,  
Fays and sylphs of idle legends,  
Creatures of a dream :  
But—sweet bursts of warm affection,  
Feelings pure and true,  
All that hallows recollection,  
Is a fairy too.

Every act of loving kindness,  
Every pure delight,  
Is a fairy monitor  
Leading us aright.  
Willie—heed the gentle teachings  
Of this spirit band,  
Then thy western home will be  
One bright fairy land.

H. M.



# STANZAS ON THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

AND it hath gone into the grave of time—  
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all !  
That solemn sound—the midnight's mournful chime,  
Was its deep dead-bell—but within the hall  
The old and young hold gladsome festival.—  
What hath it left them thus to cause such joy ?—  
Grey hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,  
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie  
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and  
silently !

Strange time for mirth !—when round the leafless  
tree

The wild winds of the winter moan and sigh,  
And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,  
Mute every woodland's evening melody—  
Mute the wild landscape—save where, hurrying by,  
Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,  
Or, slowly sailing through the black'ning sky,  
Hoots unto solitude the bird of night,  
Seeking the domeless wall—the turret's hoary height.

And yet with nature, sooth, we need not grieve ;  
She does not heed the woes of human kind .  
No : for the tempests howl, the waters heave  
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,  
And the poor bark no resting-place can find ;  
And friends on shore shall weep—and weep in vain,  
For, to the ruthless elements consign'd,  
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main,  
Ne'er to be seen by them, nor heard of e'er again !

Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,  
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on ;—  
Where is the place of your abode, ye dead ?  
To what far regions have your spirits gone ?  
But ye are silent—silent as the stone  
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,  
And from the land of souls returneth none  
To tell us of the place to which we haste ;  
But time will tell us all—and time will tell us best.

How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all  
The scene around !—the silent earth and air !  
What glorious lamps are hung in Night's high hall !  
Her dome—so vast, magnificent, and fair !  
Oh ! for an angel's wing to waft me there !  
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,  
To leave this cold, dull sphere of cloud and care,  
And, midst the immortal bowers above, to stray  
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay !

Surely there is a language in the sky—  
A voice that speaketh of a world to come ;  
It swells from out thy depths, Immensity !  
And tells us, this is not our final home.  
As the toss'd bark amidst the ocean's foam,  
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the  
wave ;  
So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,  
The stars, like beacon-lights beyond the grave,  
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we  
hope to save !

Now gleams the moon on Arthur's mighty crest,  
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone ;  
Hush'd is the city in her nightly rest ;  
But hark !—there comes a sweet and solemn tone.  
The lingering strains, that swell'd in ages gone.  
The music of the wake—oh ! many an ear,  
Raised from the pillow gentle sleep hath flown,  
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,  
As recollections rise of many a vanish'd year.

It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—  
Of early friendships—of the loved and lost—  
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh  
Of evening woes from harp-strings gently crost ;  
And thoughts and feelings crowd—a varied host,  
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,  
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,  
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,  
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep !